Gc
929.2
H91215l
2021517

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01333 6265

To Oregon by Ox-Team In '47

By Fred Lockley

016

78 7882 8

2021517

To Oregon by Ox-Team In '47

By Fred Lockley

Jeptha T. Hunt, county commissioner of Marion County, Oregon, comes of pioneer stock. His father, G. W. Hunt, crossed the plains by ox-team in 1847. "I was born on my father's old donation land claim in the Waldo Hills, east of Salem, February 12, 1862," said Mr. Hunt. "Father took up a square mile of land on which Whitaker is now located. He took up his claim in 1851. My father was born in Wayne County, Indiana, February 8, 1831. His father, John S. Hunt, was also born in Wayne County, on April 11, 1803. My father's father, J. S. Hunt, married Temperance Estep on May 8, 1823. She was born January 10, 1804. My father was one of their nine children. He was 17 years old when he crossed the plains with his parents. When my father was 19—this was in 1849—he went to California to try his luck in the gold diggings. He came back late that Winter and with his father started the first store in the Waldo Hills.

"My father's mother died October 29, 1850 and next Spring my father returned to California, prospecting and mining in the various camps in northern California. On July 1, 1851 my grandfather married Mrs. Nancy Smith, the widow of Dr. Smith. Dr. Smith had been the captain of a wagon train and died on Green River in the Summer of 1847.

"About a month after my grandfather married Mrs. Nancy Smith, my father married her daughter, Elizabeth N. Smith. This was on August 3, 1851. Father was 20 years old and my mother was 17 at the time of their marriage. They had six children.

"My grandfather and my father not only established

Read Nov 15-1928

the first store in the Waldo Hills, but they also ran the first brickyard there, and my father imported the first Shropshire sheep that came to the Willamette Valley. He bought a pair of Shropshires in England, paying $700 for them. The transportation charges were $225. When the ship was crossing the Columbia River bar the buck died and the sailors thew him overboard. The agent of the ship would not deliver the ewe to father unless the freight on both sheep was paid, so father was out not only the buck but also $112.50 for its transportation, so he really paid $925 for the ewe. Father at once sent back to England and bought another buck which in due time arrived safely, and that pair of Shropshires became the ancestors of the celebrated strain of black-face sheep of the Willamette Valley.

"I went to school as a boy at the Rock Point schoolhouse in the Waldo Hills. When I was 19 years old, I came to Salem and put in a year attending Willamette University.

"On June 18, 1886 I was married to Myrtie E. White. We have four children.

"You have often heard of the famous old Bennett Hotel, which in Salem's early days entertained most of the distinguished men of Oregon as well as the big men who came here from the states. In the early fifties my grandfather moved in to Salem and ran this hotel. Later he bought the Cook Hotel in north Salem, which he ran until his death in the Fall of 1860. He was 57 years old at the time of his death.

"My father was very much interested in geneology. He kept track of our kinfolks through correspondence. In fact, he was so much interested in the subject that something over thirty years ago he got out a little booklet giving the result of his investigations as to our family history. As far back as he could trace the family history, we seem to have been adventurers, pioneers, soldiers and farmers. The earliest Hunt of whom we could find any record was given an estate in the north of England for

his services at the Battle of Hastings. You will find many of the descendants of this old progenitor of ours still living in the north of England. The Hunts threw in their lot with Cromwell and saw plenty of hard fighting in the strenuous days of conflict between the Commoners and the privileged classes.

"About 300 years ago three brothers came from the north of England and settled in America. One of these brothers settled on the Hudson River and it is from this one that Wilson Price Hunt, who came to Oregon and helped establish Astoria, descended.

"The other two Hunt brothers settled in North Carolina, their descendants later settling in Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia. One of these North Carolina Hunts in 1800 moved from Rowen County, North Carolina, and settled in Ohio, while another member of the family settled in Wayne County, Indiana. It was this branch of the family that founded the Elkhorn Baptist church in Indiana. Stephen Hunt, a brother of my great-grandfather, was the first school teacher in Wayne County, Indiana. Later he built the first grist mill on the Elkhorn.

"A relative of ours, Colonel George Hunt, had command of a militia regiment under Governor Harrison when Harrison was governor of the Northwest territory. Later Governor Harrison became president of the United States. A son of Colonel George Hunt, named James Hunt, crossed the plains by prairie schooner in 1843 to Oregon. In 1845 he recrossed the plains and settled in what was then the frontier but is now thickly-settled Kansas. James Hunt couldn't stand it to see the emigrants leaving the jumping-off place at Weston, Independence or St. Joe for the Oregon country, so he yoked up his oxen to his prairie schooner and came back to Oregon, taking up a place near Oakland in southern Oregon.

"Charles Hunt, my father's great-grandfather, was the one who moved from Ohio to Indiana. His son Jonathon settled at Smithfield, Indiana. Jonathon's eldest

son, John S. Hunt, was my father's father, He was one of twelve children and was born in Harrison township, Wayne County, Indiana. He married Temperance Estep on May 18, 1823. My grandfather, John S. Hunt, was a gunsmith and a millwright. He lost his property during the wildcat money panic in the middle thirties. Later he built a saw mill and grist mill in Union County, Indiana. He happened to meet General Joel Palmer, who had come across the plains from the Willamette Valley in far-off Oregon to secure a charter for a Masonic lodge at Oregon City, the first lodge west of the Rocky Mountains. General Palmer told him of the wonderful possibilities and the resources of Oregon. He told him of the ideal climate of the Willamette Valley, of the snow-capped peaks, of the grass that was green all the year around, of the abundant ice-cold and crystal-clear streams and springs, of the game and the fish and of the fertility of the soil and that, best of all, a man and his wife could take up a mile square of free land. My grandfather wrote to Thomas Benton, who was very much interested in having Oregon settled. Senator Benton wrote that Congress was contemplating the passage of a bill which provided that every family should have a square mile of land as their donation land claim. Grandfather also wrote to Henry Clay, asking his advice, and he, like Benton, thought favorably of the Oregon country, so grandfather determined to go to the Willamette Valley. This was in the Fall of 1846.

"When a person decides to make a trip from Indiana to Oregon nowadays, all he has to do is to telephone down to the depot to have a berth reserved and a ticket laid aside, and a few days later, after a safe, pleasant and comfortable journey, he arrives at his destination. Seventy years ago, when a person decided to come to Oregon, the procedure was somewhat different. My grandfather, John S. Hunt, and my father, G. W. Hunt, spent the Fall and Winter of 1846 preparing for the trip across the plains. They built two strong wagons, smoked plenty

of bacon, ran enough maple sugar to last for the six months' trip, gathered ten bushels of hickory nuts, ordered two good buffalo guns to be made by a gunsmith at Abington, visited the various relatives in Wayne County, Indiana, and on March 5, 1847, they started on the long, toilsome and dangerous trip for Oregon.

"At Cincinnati they took passage aboard the steamer *Fort Wayne* for St. Louis, at which point they transferred to the steamer *Meteor* for St. Joseph, Missouri. Near Lexington the *Meteor's* boilers exploded, so they landed their outfit, purchased oxen and went overland to Independence, where the emigrants were gathering to form wagon trains to cross the plains. Grandfather bought a supply of bar lead at 3½ cents a pound and of gunpowder at 19 cents a pound. They stopped at Blue Mills, where Colonel Owens operated a grist and flour mill, where they purchased sufficient flour for the trip across the plains.

"At Independence grandfather met a young man, Elijah Patterson, who was anxious to go to Oregon but did not have sufficient money to outfit himself for the trip. An arrangement was made whereby Elijah Patterson would furnish a yoke of oxen and a yoke of young cows in exchange for his board while crossing the plains. At Indian Grove a wagon train consisting of 21 wagons was organized and Elijah Patterson wes elected captain of the train.

"One of the members of the wagon train died on the Little Vermillion. They killed their first buffalo on the South Platte. On the North Platte they overtook a large company of Mormons enroute for the Great Salt Lake. G. W. Hunt, my father, while out hunting with John Thomas near the headwaters of the Sweetwater, was captured by the Crow Indians, who were going to hold them for ransom. After being held prisoners all day, they eluded the vigilence of the Indians and made their way to where their wagon train was camped. The Indians followed them, hung around their camp and during the night stole some of their stock.

"They stopped and exchanged news and visited for a while with General Kearney, while making the Hams Fork cutoff, who, with his dragoons, was returning to Fort Leavenworth from California.

"Not far from Fort Boise they overtook Stephen Coffin of Brookville, Indiana, who was destined to take a very prominent part in the political and commercial life of Portland and Oregon.

"After crossing the Blue Mountains, my father traded his buffalo rifle to an Indian for a fine riding horse, which the Indian stole two nights later. Stephen Coffin and the Hunt family traveled together from the second crossing of the Snake River through the Grand Ronde Valley over the Blue Mountains and down the Umatilla River, to its junction with the Columbia. They crossed the Deschutes River by ferry, meeting there the Templetons, who later became prominent in Linn County.

"Ours was the last family to cross the Cascade Mountains by the Barlow route in the Fall of 1847. While crossing the summit of the Cascades they encountered a heavy snowstorm and the cattle, weakened by the long trip and lack of forage, gave out. Only three of the oxen were strong enough to cross the mountains, the others being left behind. Eight months after starting from their home in Indiana, they drew up to the cabin of L. A. Byrd in the Waldo Hills.

"The five dollars paid for toll on the Barlow Road had left grandfather with only fifty cents in cash to his name, and with a family of six sons and three daughters to provide for. Fortunately, Harrison H. Hunt, grandfather's brother, had crossed the plains in 1843, bringing with him a set of mill irons. He had built a sawmill at the head of Cathlamet Bay on the Columbia River, and was shipping lumber to the Sandwich Islands, through which he had become fairly well-to-do. Learning of his brother's arrival in the Waldo Hills, he loaned him money until he could become established. Ralph Geer, one of the best known and best loved pioneers of the Waldo

Hills, who was a near neighbor of our family, was very helpful while grandfather was getting established on his place.

"I have heard my father talk about his early experiences in Oregon so much when I was a boy that sometimes it almost seems as if I had been there. Since father's death I have read and reread his little booklet so that, although but a small part of his experiences are mentioned, yet what he has told can be depended upon as being accurate. I will go ahead and tell you about my father and you write it in your words."

Pursuant to Mr. Hunt's suggestion, I have condensed the story of the coming of the Hunt family to Oregon and of some of their experiences after they arrived here and have told it in my own language.

A relative of Mr. Hunt's, Wilson Price Hunt of Trenton, New Jersey, came to Oregon in 1811. When John Jacob Astor organized the Pacific Fur Co. he kept for himself 50 of the 100 shares of stock of the company, dividing the remaining shares among his partners, Alexander McKay, who had visited the Northwest coast of America in 1789 and 1793, Duncan McDougal, Donald McKenzie, David and Robert Stuart and Wilson Price Hunt. On September 8, 1810, the *Tonquin*, a ship of 290 tons burden, armed with ten guns, left New York with a number of the partners and clerks as well as the trade goods for the trip around the Horn to the mouth of the Columbia, where it arrived March 22, 1811. The goods were landed and a site selected for the fort and trading post, which was named Astoria in honor of Mr. Astor. Meanwhile Wilson Price Hunt was put in charge of the overland expedition to the mouth of the Columbia. Going to Montreal, he enlisted some French-Canadian voyageurs and secured a light but strong Canadian canoe having a capacity of four tons. They proceeded up the Ottawa River through the Great Lakes to Michilimackinac, at the head of Lake Huron, where he enlisted a number of trappers and additional boatmen and an experienced

trader named Ramsay Crooks. They reached St. Louis in September. He found at St. Louis orders from Mr. Astor putting him in sole command of the overland expedition. The party Wintered at Nodaway, not far from the present city of St. Joseph, Mo. At Nodaway they were joined by Robert McLellan, a former partner of Ramsay Crooks, and by John Day. Here too Mr. Hunt engaged as guide and interpreter Pierre Dorion, the half-breed son of Pierre Dorion, who had guided the Lewis and Clark party a few years before on their trip to the mouth of the Columbia. Dorion brought his Sioux wife and two children with him. After eleven months of fatiguing travel beset by hardship, privation and danger, Hunt and his party reached Astoria on February 15, 1812. In every record and account of the founding of Astoria and of its transfer to the British, who renamed it Fort George, you will note that Mr. Hunt's courage, steadfastness and integrity of character is mentioned.

In the Spring of 1848 the settlers in the Waldo Hills and those living in the vicinity of where the town of Silverton was later built—the town that Homer Davenport made famous—experienced much annoyance and inconvenience from thieving Indians, members of the Molalla and Klamath tribes. These Indians were camped on the Abiqua River. Most of the able-bodied men of the country had enlisted for service against the Cayuse Indians who had murdered Dr. Marcus Whitman, Narcissa Whitman, his wife, and other members of the Whitman mission at Wa-il-at-pu. The Klamath and Molalla Indians, taking advantage of the absence of the men folks, became insolent and demanded food of the women who had been left at home to run the farms. The Klamath Indians, who were visiting the Molallas, seemed to have been the aggressors in most of the depredations committed. In the Spring of 1848 R. C. Geer had organized a home guard company. A man named Knox, of Linn County, while carrying the United States mail, passed Richard Miller's farm, and seeing a large number of In-

dians gathered there, learned that they had demanded a steer, which had been refused. He at once spread the alarm and Captain R. C. Geer and Sergeant Wilbur King sent riders out to gather the members of the home guard company. By morning about sixty settlers had gathered at Miller's home, among them being Daniel Waldo, L. A. Byrd, William Parker, Jim Harpole, G. W. Hunt, Jim Brown, S. D. Maxon, Israel and Robert Shaw, King Hibbard, Will Brisbane, Port Gilliam, William, Thomas and George Howell, Leander Davis, Will Hendricks, James Williams, J. W., Thomas and Henry Schrum, Jacob Caplinger, Cyrus Smith, J. Warnock, T. B. Allen, Len Goff and some others. Daniel Waldo was elected colonel. The men who had horses under Colonel Waldo crossed the Abiqua and went up the north side where the Indians were camped, while Captain Geer, with part of the company on foot, went up the south side. The Indians, seeing themselves surrounded, charged the men on foot. The chief of the Klamaths being in advance, was instantly killed. The Indians were armed with bows and arrows. As they hesitated, another Indian was killed, which persuaded the Indians to change their plan of attack into a retreat. It was decided to wait till next morning, when more men could be summoned, and the Indians wiped out. Next morning Sergeant King, with a number of men, overtook the Indians and fired on them. Seven of the warriors and two of the squaws were killed. When the white men discovered that they were attacking the rear guard only, which consisted of the older Indians and the squaws, the warriors having escaped, they returned to their homes.

Levi Scott, for whom Scottsburg is named, was appointed sub-agent of Indian affairs and was instructed to raise a company of rangers. Captain Levi Scott, with his rangers, served that Summer and Fall as an escort to the emigrants who came to Oregon by way of the southern route. Felix Scott, who was a Virginian, emigrated to Missouri, where he served as lieutenant-gover-

nor of that state. He crossed the plains from Missouri to California, to Sutter's Fort. When the Mexican government, in 1846, demanded that all Americans settled in California swear allegiance to Mexico, he moved to Oregon. He is was who built a road across the Cascade Mountains by way of the McKenzie pass. He took over this newly constructed road across the Cascades, eight heavy wagons and a drove of 700 cattle. These were the first wagons and the first drove of cattle to cross the Cascades by the McKenzie pass.

In the Summer of 1848 G. W. Hunt built a log school house on his place. This also served as a church. In this log school house, in 1851, the children of the Waldo Hills were taught by B. F. Dowell, a native of Virginia and a graduate of the University of Virginia. Prior to coming to Oregon he had practiced law in Tennessee. In 1852 he left the Willamette Valley, settling at Jacksonville, from which place he ran a pack train to Yreka, Scotts Bar and other mines in northern California. He took part in the Rogue River Indian war of '53 and in the Yakima Indian war of '55. He later became one of the prominent attorneys in southern Oregon and editor and publisher of the *Oregon Sentinel* at Jacksonville.

In the Spring of 1848 G. W. Hunt paid his father for his time till he became of age and struck out for himself. He landed a job at $20 a month in a logging camp run by his uncle, H. H. Hunt, at what is now Clifton, on the Columbia River. While working in the woods near his uncle's mill, he took up a claim on Cathlamet Bay, on which Napa was later located.

In the Fall of that year, 1848, the brig *Honolulu* anchored near the mill to take on lumber. A man named Wilson came ashore and showed to the men working in the mill, a number of nuggets. He said that gold had been discovered in the mill race at Captain Sutter's saw mill in California and that a man could pick up a fortune in a few months. H. H. Hunt, who owned the mill, employed 16 white men and 15 Kanakas. Many of them at

once decided to go to California. G. W. Hunt's uncle, Harrison H. Hunt, had built at his saw mill some time before, a small schooner named the *Wave*. He at once began fitting it out and loading it with lumber, as he believed he would find a ready sale for his lumber in the new mining camp of San Francisco. G. W. Hunt received permission from his uncle to go to California in the schooner, but before the schooner sailed a letter was brought to him from his father, which asked him to come home at once and run the farm as his father had started overland for California.

2021517

In those days there was no money in the country, so G. W. Hunt received orders on Dr. John McLoughlin, who ran the Hudson's Bay Company store at Oregon City, for the wages due him. His father had started a blacksmith shop on the Waldo Hills farm, and during the Winter of 1848, G. W. Hunt shod the neighbors' oxen, repaired their wagons and did other blacksmithing work. Iron was scarce, so old wagon tires were used to make harrow teeth and for other jobs of this kind.

In the Spring of 1849 G. W. Hunt's father, John S. Hunt, returned from California and G. W. Hunt, in company with his uncle, William Hunt, L. Woodworth and a man named York, started for the gold diggings in California. Enroute to California they joined a company of gold seekers hailing from Polk County, among whom were Isaac and Stephen Staats, William Martin, later sheriff of Umatilla County, Oregon, and some others. They passed through the Rogue River Valley, crossed the Siskiyou Mountains, crossed the Sacramento River by way of the Devil's Backbone, and camped on a creek near Sacramento.

While camped here an Indian stole William Martin's horse. The next morning the Indians attacked the party and Jons Williams, one of the party, killed one of the Indians and wounded another. They camped for a while on Rock Creek, near where Shasta was later located.

One of the party, a man named Forrest, who had gone

down to California in the Fall of '48, and who had taken up a claim on Feather River, showed Mr. Hunt how to pan gold and pointed out what he believed might prove a good claim. The first day Mr. Hunt panned out $108 worth of coarse gold dust, so he decided to stay there. The other members of the party thought they could find richer diggings on Feather River, so they went on.

Within a day or two Mr. Hunt was joined by a number of other Oregonians, among them Samuel Gardner from Polk County, Tom Clark, John Megginson and Charlie Eaton and Owen Bush of Bush Prairie. They prospected Rock Creek, Salt Creek, Olneys Creek and French Gulch. Where they had their claims the town of Shasta was later built. In this district they struck some very rich pockets. John Megginson found a pocket one day from which he took out, in a few hours, $1800 in nuggets and coarse dust. The largest amount taken out in any one day by Mr. Hunt was 32 ounces of gold, which ran about $16 to the ounce.

Late that Fall several members of the party, including Mr. Hunt, took the mountain fever from drinking impure water. They took liberal doses of whiskey and quinine, but this not proving effective, they decided to go back to the Willamette Valley for the Winter. They packed their outfit and moved to the Oregon Trail, where they joined John Sappingfield and some others who were going back to winter in the Willamette Valley.

Before leaving the Shasta district, Mr. Hunt and his comrades had been joined by Nathan Olney, whose name is perpetuated by Olney Creek. They were also visited by Captain Ben Wright, who hailed from Richmond, Indiana, and who later gained considerable fame as an Indian fighter. John Sappingfield, G. W. Hunt and the rest of the Oregon-bound miners, traveled north till they came to the base of Mt. Shasta, where Mr. Hunt was so sick with the mountain fever that he could no longer stay in the saddle. They camped for a while at the soda springs there and while waiting for Mr. Hunt to recover,

Mr. Sappingfield made a litter of two poles, to which was fastened a blanket. Putting Mr. Hunt in this litter, they fastened the litter to two horses with Mr. Hunt swinging between. The party was joined by other miners to prevent attack by the Indians while crossing the Siskiyou Mountains. The newcomers wanted Mr. Hunt left by the side of the road to die as they had to travel slower if he was taken along in the litter. John Sappingfield, with one or two of the others, refused to abandon him and they crossed the Siskiyou Mountains successfully and reached Cowan's place in the Umpqua Valley. They stopped there till Mr. Hunt had so far recovered that he was able to ride over the Callapooia Mountains. Word was sent ahead to Mr. Hunt's father and Mr. Hunt was met near Eugene Skinner's place, on which the city of Eugene is now built, by his father and mother with a wagon and an ox-team and taken to his home in the Waldo Hills.

That Winter, 1850, John S. Hunt and his son, G. W. Hunt, started the first store in the Waldo Hills. They brought their goods from Oregon City to Butteville by canoe or batteau and hauled them by ox-team from Butteville to their home in the Waldo Hills.

In the Fall of 1850, G. W. Hunt sold his interest in his store in the Waldo Hills to his father and with the money secured an outfit to trade with the Indians in eastern Oregon. With Henry Williamson and Thomas Boggs, whose father had been governor of Missouri, and with Jonathan and Sam Center, Mr. Hunt went by the old Barlow Trail to Five-mile Creek, not far from The Dalles. Here they established a trading post, trading flour, bacon and other supplies to the emigrants for their worn-out stock. A large band of Indians were camped at the mouth of the Deschutes River. These Indians traded their horses for tobacco, powder and other supplies.

When Mr. Hunt learned that they would have to winter their stock on willow bark or drive them over the

Barlow Trail that Fall, he decided to sell out to a German who was anxious to become a member of their firm.

The Winter of 1850 was a very severe one and Williamson and his partners lost all of the cattle and horses which they had secured during the Summer and Fall.

G. W. Hunt worked that Winter on a claim which he had taken up in the Waldo Hills. In the Spring of 1851, with his brother, John Hunt, Sam Hart from St. Louis, John Fresh and a man named Owens, he started once more for California. In the Callapooia Mountains they joined a party of miners, among whom were George and Len Eoff, William Martin, Hy English, John Downing, Pep Smith, Professor Vernon and some others. Incessant rains delayed the party greatly. Most of the streams were out of their banks and they had to swim not only the regular streams but many gulches which were roaring torrents. Some of the party turned back at the South Umpqua and others turned back at Myrtle Creek. G. W. Hunt, with his companions, pressed on till they came to Rogue River, where they found two brothers by the name of Wheeler who were rocking out some gold.

They stopped on Applegate Creek, near where Jacksonville was later located, and prospected. Finding plenty of color, they decided to stay there and turned their horses out on the range. The day after establishing their camp they went out to see how their horses were doing and found their bell mare had been killed by being shot with arrows. They also found that the rest of their stock, with the exception of four horses, had been driven off.

G. W. Hunt, who understood jargon, visited the camp of Sam, one of the chiefs of the Rogue River Indians, to secure his help in recovering the horses. Sam claimed he did not know who had stolen them and that he could do nothing about it. They then went to Perkins Ferry and talked with Joe, an Indian chief who had been named after General Joseph Lane. Joe, the chief, accompanied by three of his braves and Perkins, the ferryman, went with Mr. Hunt to his camp on Applegate Creek.

Chief Joe, with his three Indians and G. W. Hunt, accompanied by Hart and Keys, started out on the trail of the 70 stolen horses. After two days of hard riding, Mr. Hunt and his party overtook a few of the Indians, who had 12 of the stolen horses. Chief Joe sent two of his braves with some of the Indians with the stolen horses to bring in the Indian horsethieves and the stolen horses. Several days later a number of the Indians came in with 20 more of the horses. Eight days later, Wolfskin, one of the sub-chiefs of the Rogue River tribe, came in with the rest of the stolen horses. The Indians held a council for two days, Chief Joe demanding that the horses be turned over to the white men, while Wolfskin argued that it would be better to kill the white men and keep the horses. The council finally broke up with Wolfskin in an ugly mood. Chief Joe and Perkins rode ahead while Keys and an Indian rode in the center of the band of horses and Mr. Hunt and Mr. Hart and two Indians brought up the rear. They finally reached their camp on Applegate Creek after being gone 16 days and having lived for most of the time on squirrels and grouse. Hart, who had been a trapper with Sublette and knew considerable about Indians, advised that they push on over the Siskiyous for the newly discovered diggings at Yreka.

When the party reached there they found 20 miners, operating eight rockers, had taken out a large amount of gold. Many of the nuggets taken out at these diggings ranged in size from as large as a prune pit to the size of a walnut.

Shortly after they had joined the miners at Shasta, Pitt River Indians stole William Martin's horses. A number of the miners organized a posse, pursued the Indians, recaptured the horses and killed a number of the Indians. Colonel Ross, who later became distinguished in the Modoc Indian war, was a member of the miners' posse that killed the Indians.

While the Hunt party were camped at Shasta diggings a rich strike was made on Smith River. Mr. Hunt, with

Mr. Shively, one of the owners of the townsite claim at Astoria, started out to see if the Smith River diggings were richer than where they were. At the crossing of Smith River, a party of prospectors had just had a fight with the Indians in which three Indians and one white man had been killed. Mr. Hunt and Shively followed William Greenwood, who hailed from Howell Prairie, near Salem, to where they had discovered a good diggings on Humbug Creek.

While working on Humbug Creek Mr. Hunt, in moving a boulder, had his hand crushed so that he could no longer work with a pick or shovel, so he decided to go home. When he reached the ferry at Rogue River, he learned that Captain Stewart, while leaning over his horse to kill an Indian, had been shot and killed by the Indian with an arrow. He also learned that General Joseph Lane was raising a company of volunteers to subdue the Indians. In company with Rogers and Savage, Mr. Hunt decided to attempt going through the country of the Rogue River Indians in spite of the fact that they were on the warpath. After several narrow escapes from the Indians who pursued them, they finally reached the settlements and Mr. Hunt rode on to his home in the Waldo Hills, and on the third of August was married to Elizabeth N. Smith and shortly thereafter moved onto the claim he had taken in the Waldo Hills.